

cursed life, your idols, and your wantonness—to put it all behind you for ever.”

“God would curse me!” she whispered in terrified tones, “I dare not —”

Francis leaves them and rides violently away from Bologna, only to retrace his steps the same day.

Giovanna had followed him to the hostel a stage away.

His reason staggered under the wild thought that she was his, that she had left everything to come to him.

“Will you be happy with me?” he asked unsteadily. “Always?”

She repeated “always” and took up her little bundle. The tears still washed his eyes; her trust in him was almost more than he could bear; he took her small, soft, childish hand and kissed it humbly.

If Francis had only followed always this softer mood!

Giovanna never faltered in her devoted love for her Scotch husband, but the oppression of her abjured faith lay heavy on her conscience.

When their boy Elphin was six years old, she decided to have him secretly baptised in her own faith.

The discovery of this, added to his deep-seated mistrust of her nature and upbringing, led to a terrible sequel.

Francis was no doubt a half crazed fanatic, and the mode of his vengeance upon his sweet and beautiful wife is truly appalling.

The whole of the book teems with vivid narrative and powerful appeal, and is filled in with a background of glowing colour, such as Miss Bowen alone knows how to impart.

H. H.

THE TOY ASSOCIATION.

We are glad to make known that the Central Committee of Toy Industries have agreed that an Association should be formed for the purpose of binding together those who play with those who buy toys in an endeavour to obtain British toys. By becoming a member much can be done to divert the £1,000,000 spent annually on imported toys, mostly from enemy countries, into the deserving pockets of British workers. Mrs. Thomson, 10, Great Stanhope Street, Park Lane, London, W., will give further information on this excellent movement.

COMING EVENTS.

November 30th.—St. Andrew's Day: Quiet Day for Prayer and Meditation, St. James' Church, Piccadilly, W. Conductor: The Rev. Geoffrey Gordon. 8 a.m.—8.30 p.m.

December 16th and 17th.—Central Midwives Board. Penal cases. Caxton House, Westminster, S.W. 11 a.m.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

“To steel our souls against the lust of ease,
To find our welfare in the common good.”

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not IN ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

THE GIST OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—It is long since I have read a letter that is more repugnant to me than that of Miss Wortabet in your last issue. I can imagine no nurse who would refuse or object to tend any patient—the greatest brute or the veriest wastrel, if he needed her. We do not nurse only patients who admire us, appreciate us, or “kiss our hands.” No man, friend or enemy, can sink so low that Divine compassion—that Divine compassion of which we are the humblest instruments—cannot reach him. I had not the honour of knowing Miss Cavell, but I feel certain that the idea of “paying out” the enemy, by declining to nurse him, would never have appealed to her. We are, presumably, fighting for an ideal, and we cannot fight for an ideal to which we do not live up. We strike for punishment not revenge. I am not a very good Christian and do not often quote texts, but this one really does seem to fit in: “Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Till seven times?” . . . “I say not unto thee, until seven times; but, until seventy times seven.”

Yours faithfully,

Rose Cottage,
Three Cross, Wimborne.

M. MOLLETT.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—I am sure every nurse feels grateful for all you have published concerning Edith Cavell; perhaps, particularly, for details of her life as well as her death. Are not we apt, however, to make too much of the *fact* that she died, and too little of the *way* in which she died? Miss Cavell yielded up her life, nobly, as a martyr; but I believe there are thousands of women who would have done the same under the same circumstances. It is when we read of the Christ-like spirit with which she accepted her lot, that

“Our hearts with glad surprise
To higher levels rise.”

Her life, indeed, was something “not given but achieved.”

I am going to presume to differ from Mr. Macleod Yearsley (towards whom I have long felt deep gratitude for the papers on “The Nursing of Ear Cases” he gave us through your pages). I feel that it would cause Edith Cavell nothing but great pain could she know that anyone had so failed to grasp the spirit of her life and death, as to suggest that her murder should make us refuse to nurse German officers (surely that is a “lower level”).

On the contrary, we have her words, “I realise that patriotism is not enough; I must have

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)